

*The Comickall Historie of*

*Gob.* His Master and he (saving your worships reverence) are scarce catercosins.

*Laun.* To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me as my father being I hope an old man shall frutifie unto you.

*Gob.* I have heere a dish of Doves that I would bestow upon you worship, and my sure is.

*Laun.* In very briefe, the suit is impertinent to my selfe, as your worship shall know by this honest old man, and though I say it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

*Baf.* One speake for both, what would you?

*Laun.* Serve, you sir.

*Gob.* That is the very defect of the matter sir.

*Baf.* I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy sure, *Shylocke* thy Master spoke with me this day, And hath preferd thee, if it bee preferment To leave a rich Jewes service, to become The follower of so poore a Gentleman.

*Clowne.* The old proverb is very well parted between my Master *Shylocke* and you sir, you have the grace of God sir, and hee hath enough.

*Baf.* Thou speakst it well; goe Father with thy Sonne, Take leave of thy old Master, and enquire My lodging out: give him a Livery More garded then his fellowes: see it done.

*Clowne.* Father in, I cannot get a service, no, I have nere a tong in my head: well, if any man in *Italy* have a fayrer table which doth offer to sweare upon a booke, I shall have good fortune; go too, heere's a simple lyne of life, heeres a small trifle of wives, alas, fiftene wives is nothing; a leven widdowes and nine maides is a simple comming in for one man, and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in perrill of my life with the edge of a featherbed here are simple scapes: well, if Fortune be a woman she's a good wench for this gere: Father come, He take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling.

*Exit Clowne.*

*Baf.* I pray thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this, These things being bought and orderly bestowed, Returne in hast, for I doe feast to night

My

*the Merchant*

My best esteemd acquaintance, he

*Leon.* My best endeavours sh

*Enter C*

*Gra.* Where's your Master?

*Grati.* Signior *Bassanio*.

*Gra.* I have a suit to you.

*Gra.* You must not deny me.

*Baf.* VVhy then you must,

Thou art to wild, to rude, and b

Parts that become thee happily

And in such eyes as ours appeare

But where thou art not known,

Something too liberall; pray thee

To allay with some cold drops o

Thy skipping spirit, least throug

I be misconstr'd in the place I g

And lose my hope. *Gra.* Sign

If I doe not put on a sober habite

Talke with respect, and sweare b

VVeare prayer bookes in my po

Nay more, while grace is saying

Thus with my hat, and sigh and

Vse all the observance of civility.

Like one well studied in a sad o

To please his Grandam, never tru

*Baf.* VVell, we shall see you

*Gra.* Nay, but I barre to nigh

By what we doe tonight.

I would intreat you rather to pur

Your boldest sute of mirth, for w

That purpose merriment; but fa

I have some busines.

*Gra.* And I must to *Lorenso* an

But we will visit you at supper tin

*Enter Iessica an*

*Ies.* I am sorry thou wilt leav

Our house is hell, and thou a mer

C